Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it prickes like thorne.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love downe.
Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legges.
Rom. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseleſſe rushes with their heeles,
For I am proverb'd with a graunsire phrase,
'Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word;
If thou art dun wee'll draw thee from the mire:
Or save you reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the eares: come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. That's not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay,
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits,
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rom. In bed asleepe while they doe dreame things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath been with you:
Shee is the Fairies Midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger than an Agat stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little atomies, over mens noses as they lye asleep, her waggon spokes made of long spinners legges, the cover of

of the wings of grashoppers, her traces of the smalleſt spi
web, her collers of the moon-shines watry beames, her wh
Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her waggoner a small
coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little worme p
from the lazie finger of a man, her chariot is an emptie H
nut, made by the Joyner Squirrell or old Grub, time out of m
the Fairies Coach-makers: and in this state shee gallops n
by night through lovers braines, and then they dreame of l
on Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies straight; o're Law
fingers, who strait dreame on fees; o're Ladies lips, who strai
kisses dreame; which oft the angry Mab with blisters plag
because their breath with sweet meates tainted are: someti
shee gallops o're a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he offs
ling out a suit; and sometime comes she with a tithe-pigs ta
tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of
other Benefice; sometime shee driveth o're a souldiers ne
and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats, of breach
ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, of healths five fadome deep,
then anon drums in his eare, at which hee starts and wakes,
being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two, and sleepes aga
this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the nig
and bakes the Elflockes in foule sluttish haires, which once
tangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maides ly on their backes,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is shee.
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more unconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosome of the North;
And being angred, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping South.